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## POETRY.

## A MYSTERY.

ALONE with life-long, voiceless night,  
Alone with soundless, life-long days,  
Yet ever smiling his delight,  
Because he sees, gives God the praise.

No speech, no unstopped, listening ears;  
No voice, no childlike, sweetly falls;  
No soft-toned music charms to tears,  
No chiming bell to worship calls.

And yet—I cannot tell you why—  
My silent neighbor 's blithe and gay;  
He does not sit and weep and sigh  
His little span of life away.

What blessing glorious hath God's care  
Bestowed upon my joyous friend?  
His days are like a vision fair,  
While love and peace his steps attend.

He is not great or rich in store,  
Save in the golden heart he bears.  
Perhaps the jewels of the poor  
Humble the crown of life he wears.

Something he has unseen, I know,  
Some veiled shrine where silence reigns;  
The temple of our God below  
Somewhere a living fount retains.

Perhaps he hears the Spirit's voice  
Thrilling with tenderness and peace:  
"Rejoice! I say again, rejoice!  
God's love and mercy never cease!"

With ears unstopped and lips unsealed  
Some day he'll greet his children dear.  
Some day in Heaven 'twill be revealed—  
The mystery of affliction here.

—S. Adams Wiggin.

## STORY TELLER.

## Trapped by Telegraph.

While in a small town in Wyoming Territory, I learned that a lady living there had been the heroine of a thrilling adventure with train robbers, and curiosity and love for the brave induced me to call on her to tell me her story. When I went to her house I was welcomed by a handsome lady of about thirty, and in response to my earnest request for this one chapter of her life, she related the following:

In 1873, when but a girl of eighteen, I left my home in Omaha and came out to fill the lonesome position of night operator at a small station on the Pacific railway, in this territory. It was a dreary, desolate spot in the midst of a desert. The only buildings at the station, aside from the depot, were a section house, occupied by a track foreman and a few Chinese laborers, a water tank and a coal shed. The day operator and agent, a mere boy, slept at the section house, two hundred yards distant, so that during the long and dreary nights I was alone in the depot. No. 4 express train, bound east, was due at 2:15 in the morning, but it never stopped unless signaled, and as this was the only train during the latter portion of the night you can imagine my lonely situation upon the desert wild. I had my book and guitar for companions, and passed much of the time in reading, and when the doleful howlings of the wolves were borne to my ears from the distant sand hills, I would pick up my guitar and endeavor to drown their cries with music and song.

The Superintendent of the division, a buoyant, light-spirited young gentleman, came over the road at frequent intervals, and cheered me up with promises of a better position when a vacancy should occur. He often found me on the point of resigning my position and returning to my humble home and the mother who depended upon my salary for the necessities of life; but his promises, his genial conversation and words of encouragement drove away the gloom, and I came to look for his visits with a sense of the keenest pleasure. I began to regard him with a sisterly affection, he was so kind and tender, and so solicitous for my welfare and comfort.

When the baggage-car of a passing train would throw off a new book or a roll of music, I knew it came from my kind-hearted superior, and many dreary hours were made less irksome through his thoughtfulness for the lonely girl operator.

One night shortly after midnight, as I sat at my table reading a late novel, I thought I heard a shuffling footstep on the depot platform, but as it was not repeated I concluded it was but a wolf more daring than his cowardly fellows, and resumed my book. A few moments later I heard a low knocking at the door, which I always kept locked, and a strange feeling came over me. During my several weeks' stay at the station I had never had a visitor, and the sudden knock, so low, yet so startling clear in the stillness of the night, caused my form to tremble and my cheek to blanch.

My first thought was of Indians,

and then I reasoned that it might be some tramp desiring shelter. While I sat there in affright, the knock was repeated, louder than before, and mustering all my courage I approached the door and asked:

"Who's there?"  
A gruff voice replied:  
"A traveler who desires to take the east-bound train."

It was my plain and unmistakable duty to admit him, and with trembling fingers I drew the bolt.

Instantly the door was pushed violently open, and I sprang back to the table and sank into my chair in terror; when seven burly men, wearing cloth masks on their faces and armed to the teeth, entered the office. One of them, evidently the leader, walked up to me, and, pointing a large revolver at my head, said in a low, firm voice:

"Gal, we don't want to hurt you, but if you make a suspicious move, or give any alarm, or scream, so that any of the men in the section house kin hear you, I'll spile the looks of that purty face with a bullet. Be quiet and sensible and behave yourself and you shan't be hurt. What's the red lamp?"

"What do you want?"  
"None of your business. We don't want to hear any unnecessary back talk nor impertinent questions. What's the red lamp?"

A chill of horror swept over me when the truth burst upon me that I was in the hands of a band of desperate train robbers whose evident intention it was to signal the train and rob the express car at my station. What could I do? It was yet three hours until the train was due, but I could not elude my captors to rouse the section men and I knew by the ugly gleam in the leader's eye, through the mask, that if I made the least outcry he would not hesitate to carry out his threat and murder me. I knew they could find the lamp easily by searching for it, and in a trembling tone I told him it was hanging just inside the door of the freight room.

One of the men got it, and after examining it to see that it was in order, the rough band took seats to await the incoming of the train.

The leader lit a pipe; and looking at me steadily for a few moments, said:

"Young gal, when that 'ar train toots her whistle, we've got some work for you. An official duty, as you might call it. You must git out thar on the platform, and signal the train to stop an' take on some first class passengers. Savey? An' looker here, if you make a suspicious move or don't swing that red light in the proper way, we'll just ventilate that graceful body with bullets, an' jump on our horses an' git. Do you understand?"

A desperate resolve had been taking shape in my bewildered brain. I replied that I fully understood him and with a piteous cry: "Oh, you will make a murderer of me!" I threw my arms and head down upon the table and began to cry and sob as if my heart would break. Had he seen my face he might have noticed a total absence of tears. I was crying for a purpose.

When my arms dropped upon the table I allowed my hand to fall upon the armature of the telegraph instrument, so that I could hold it so as to prevent it from clicking, while my right hand rested upon the key. Sobbing so that any slight clicking the key might make would not reach the ears of the robbers, I opened it and slowly made the telegraphic characters:

h e l p

This I repeated several times, hoping they might reach the ears of some operator on the line. Then I slowly distinctly wrote these words, still sobbing violently:

"Who—hears—this—for—Heavy—sake—report—to—train—dispatcher—at—Laramie—quick—that I—am—in—the—hands—of—seven robbers—who—will—compel—me—to—flag—No—4.—Send—help—quick."

Then I signed name and office call. I then released the armature, and the instrument at once clicked out:

"Brace up little girl, I hear you."

"H" was the train dispatcher's office call. With a fierce oath the leader sprang forward and rudely snatched me away from the table, and asked:

"Gal, what's that?"

"Only a distant office asking for orders for a freight train," I responded.

"None o' yer lyin', you little inap?" he roared. "You are up to some trick?"

"No," I replied, "I am not. If I was doing that my fingers would be on the instrument. Don't you see I am not touching it, and yet it works. It is only an order for a freight train down at Medicine Bow."

"Keep away from that table," he said savagely. "An' if I kitch you at any tricks, I'll choke the life out o' you."

Oh how eagerly my ears drank in every word that instrument clicked out! I heard a telegram to the Sheriff at Green River, twenty miles west asking him to arm a posse of men at once and get on board a special train which would be ready for him. Then another to the young Superintendent, who was at Green River, telling how my slowly written words had been heard by the dispatcher, and asking him to supervise the preparations to fly to my relief. Then a third dispatch to the mechanic, instructing him to fire up his fastest passenger engine and couple on to a caboose and wait the superintendent's orders. My heart beat so violently that it almost took my breath, and it seemed an age ere I heard the Green River operator call the dispatcher and say:

"The Superintendent, with Sheriff and twenty armed men are aboard, and train ready for orders."

The order came flying. It told the engineer had a clear track, and to run at his very highest speed to within a half mile of my station, and his party to alight. Then came the welcome report from the Green River office:

"Special East departed 1:15."

Oh how my poor heart beat, and how my very nerves tingled with excitement. I mentally figured that the train on such a desperate errand should make nearly a mile a minute and reach the stopping point about 1:35.

The robber chief gave his men their instructions. I was to be sent out alone to signal the train, and when it halted the band would make a rush and board it.

"Bill, you jump the engine as soon as he stops, an' hold the engineer and fireman under your gun. Jack, you pile into the mail car an' make the clerk give up his registered letters, an' me an' Yunk and Aleck 'll work the express car while Tom an' Shorty holds the conductor and brakeman back. Do yer work quick an' bold, an' don't be afeared to burn powder if necessary. Thar's a big haul on that train, an' we've got to have it."

How eagerly I watched the clock, and how slowly, how very, very slowly the hands seemed to move. One twenty-one, one twenty-five, one thirty were ticked off. One thirty-five! would they never come?

The men sat on the bench along the west side of the room, facing along the two windows on the east. I tried to figure on how long it would require for the men to walk to the depot from the stopping place. Perhaps even then they were surrounding the station and I might hear a knock at the door any instant. Would there be a fight? Oh, horrible thought. In a few moments I might see men shot down before my face, and I myself be killed. I almost fainted with fright. The blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and I grasped the chair or I would have fallen to the floor. One forty! There came a fearful crash of glass, and the muzzles of a perfect cloud of rifles were thrust directly at the robbers. Then a voice cried out:

"Men, throw up your hands. I am the Sheriff, and in the name of the law demand your surrender. Make but a move, and I'll order my men to fire!"

"You cursed little cat?" hissed the leader, glaring at me savagely as the men suddenly held up their hands. Then the Sheriff and three men entered and disarmed and handcuffed the robbers, and I saw the Superintendent looking at me and heard him say what a debt I owe to you, my brave girl, and then I fell fainting into his arms.

When I regained consciousness I was lying in my bed in my room at Green River, with several ladies around me, and was told that seven days had elapsed since the capture of the robbers. I was suffering from brain fever brought on by the terrible strain I had passed through, and had been unconscious for that long period. For many days thereafter I hovered on the borders between life and death, and the Superintendent was at my bedside several times every day cheering me up with words of encouragement and doing all in his power to alleviate my suffering. I finally recovered, and when called into court to testify against the desperate gang I will never forget their fierce glances

toward me as I told how I had entrapped them, or how, in spite of the Judge and court officers to suppress it, the crowd cheered me as I left the stand. The men were sent for long terms to an eastern prison, and I have never heard of them since.

"And did the company reward you for saving the train?" I said.

"Well, only slightly. Corporations have no souls, you know. But I revenged myself on the Superintendent in a terrible manner."

"In what a way?"

"I married him," she replied, with a cunning smile.

## The Weight of a Tear.

(From the Silent Missionary.)

Children, my story to-day is about the wild Arab who lived far away in the East, on one of those magnificent plains we read about in the Bible. The Arabs, as most of you know, are a wild people, living in tents, and moving about from place to place, as their fancy dictates or demands. There are many tribes of them. Some are very poor, some are rich, and most of them, I am sorry to say, are very wicked. They have no beautiful homes like ours, but they generally dwell in tents on the plains, and when they get tired of one locality they pack up their tents and move to another. They have many beautiful horses, and some of them own large herds of camels and cattle, and have great wealth in gold and silver and precious stones.

The Arabs have beautiful poems and stories in their language, and these they repeat to each other as they sit in front of their tents on the pleasant Summer evenings. The story I am about to tell you is of an Arab's dream, and the weight of a tear.

Now, you would not think a tear so heavy, would you? The pearly drop sparkles for a moment in the eye, rolls down the cheek, perhaps, and melts away, just as you have seen the dew-drops melt away on a bright June morning. Yet this tear which fell from the eye of this wild Arab weighed more than a great pile of gold and silver; more than many fine horses, camels and cattle.

I think I hear some little boy or girl wonder how that could be; how a single tear-drop, placed in the balances could outweigh so many things which, seemingly, are so much heavier.

Perhaps, if you pay attention to my story, you will know all about it.

The Arab's name was Ben Edom, and he was rich and wicked. You need not go to Arabia to find rich and wicked people. I am very much afraid you could find them nearer your own homes.

Ben Edom had many servants, or slaves, and he was very cruel to them.

He believed that because he was rich he was every way a better man than those who were poor. Was he not in this, also, like some people who are not Arab's? He had a great deal of gold and silver, and a great many fine horses, cattle and camels. He was very proud, haughty, and scornful, and seemed to think there was no one in the world quite as good as Ben Edom.

Still wicked as he was, Ben Edom said his prayers regularly every morning, noon and night. And in doing this, he was a great deal better than most wicked people in our country who would call him a heathen. And I am afraid he was better than some good people who go to Church and Sunday School and say their prayers over, and put pennies and nickles in the contribution box to send the Gospel to such poor heathens as Ben Edom and his people.

The trouble with Ben Edom's prayer was that he only said them, while he did not feel them at all. He ran hastily over the words with his lips, while in his heart he was not praying at all. And here again I fear this rich and wicked Arab was like a good many people in our Churches and Sunday Schools. It is well for us to remember that words are not prayers unless the words come from the heart and express its earnest desires. I have heard, and so have you, long, tedious, tiresome prayers, which I do not think went very fast towards the throne of the Heavenly Father. Again, we have all heard the simplest utterances of little boys and girls and grown-up persons which we knew came right from the heart, and we felt must have gone straight to the Heavenly Father's ear, and we believe would speedily bring the answer. Did you ever pray with your lips, when your heart was not helping at all? I fear we have some little

Arabs in our Sunday School—and perhaps some big ones, too—who do often pray just as Ben Edom did—with the tongue and the lips.

But you ask me what about Ben Edom's dream, and that tear of his that was so very heavy. Well, one time, after Ben Edom has been more wicked than usual, he concluded, after thinking it all over, that he would from that time forward try to be a better man. Did you ever know any body who was not an Arab to do just like that? Well, after Ben Edom had decided that he would try to be a better man, he went out and bowed himself very low, and prayed this time with his heart as well as with his lips, for he was very much in earnest, and so he prayed a long, long time. And then he got up and went into his tent, and sat down and began to think. All his life came up before him like a moving picture. He saw himself first a little boy—a bad and cruel boy, deceitful and quarrelsome. I wonder if any of you have ever sat down and looked over your past lives, as Ben Edom did, and whether the picture, as it came up before you, was a beautiful picture and a pleasant one to look at? Was it a picture you would like to show to your friends, if you could? Were there very many bright places in it such as a mark of kindness and love; deeds well executed; lessons well learned; and other little things of life which go so far towards coloring the pictures that all are painting every day? Or have there been dark places, made so by disobedience, sins committed, and duties unfulfilled and many other things which, as you look back, you would be glad to brighten? If you want to, you can change the dark places in your pictures to bright and beautiful ones. There is just one way to do this, and that is to pray our good Father in Heaven to forgive our sins and blot them out, and thus make the pictures all bright and beautiful.

Well, as Ben Edom was looking at his picture as he saw him as an older boy, and then as a young man, but all the time, whether boy or man, he saw that he had been very wicked. The picture was not a pleasant one to him, and it made him shudder; and while it kept moving on before him before he fell asleep.

And then came Ben Edom's dream. He dreamed that there was suspended before him, out of Heaven, as it were, a great pair of scales or balances. In one of them, filled up, almost like a mountain, with a horrid heap of something, he could not tell what, only as he gazed upon it, in his dream, it made him shudder again, and his face turned pale, and the cold perspiration came out in great beads on his wrists and brow; then there came and stood by his side a beautiful and sad-faced angel. With another shudder at the hideous things which made up the mountain in the scales, Ben Edom turned to the angel.

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"But what shall I put into the other scale of the balance to outweigh this mountain of sins?"

The angel looked at him sadly, but gave him no answer.

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"I will throw in my gold," he said, and so he did—the great quantity of gold he had been getting for many, many years, and which he had loved more dearly, perhaps, than anything else in the world. And here, let me say, this wild and wicked Arab was much like some people I have known.

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"I will throw in my gold," he said, and so he did—the great quantity of gold he had been getting for many, many years, and which he had loved more dearly, perhaps, than anything else in the world. And here, let me say, this wild and wicked Arab was much like some people I have known.

Ben Edom looked amazed when he found that both silver and gold seemed to weigh nothing at all in the scales.

"I will put in my horses, and cattle, and camels—everything I have left in this world, and surely all these will outweigh my sins."

He put them in and they made no more impression than the silver and gold had done.

perhaps some big ones, too—who do often pray just as Ben Edom did—with the tongue and the lips.

But you ask me what about Ben Edom's dream, and that tear of his that was so very heavy. Well, one time, after Ben Edom has been more wicked than usual, he concluded, after thinking it all over, that he would from that time forward try to be a better man. Did you ever know any body who was not an Arab to do just like that? Well, after Ben Edom had decided that he would try to be a better man, he went out and bowed himself very low, and prayed this time with his heart as well as with his lips, for he was very much in earnest, and so he prayed a long, long time. And then he got up and went into his tent, and sat down and began to think. All his life came up before him like a moving picture. He saw himself first a little boy—a bad and cruel boy, deceitful and quarrelsome. I wonder if any of you have ever sat down and looked over your past lives, as Ben Edom did, and whether the picture, as it came up before you, was a beautiful picture and a pleasant one to look at? Was it a picture you would like to show to your friends, if you could? Were there very many bright places in it such as a mark of kindness and love; deeds well executed; lessons well learned; and other little things of life which go so far towards coloring the pictures that



NEW YORK, MAY 31, 1888.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 102d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The deaf-mutes of Philadelphia, who attend the Episcopal Church are at present in a very happy mood. The reason for their joy is that Rev. Henry Winter Style has at last secured a permanent building for All Souls' Church. It is situated on Franklin Street, above Green Street, and very near to the Ninth and Green Street depot of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. As soon as the necessary legal business connected with the purchase has been completed, and the building altered to suit the purposes for which it will hereafter be used, the doors will be thrown wide open to the deaf-mute public, who are all cordially invited to attend the services that are to be regularly conducted there.

Rev. Mr. Style deserves great praise for his efforts in behalf of the spiritual needs of deaf-mutes not only in Philadelphia, but everywhere throughout Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia. When he resigned from a lucrative position in the Philadelphia Mint, and devoted all his time to religious work among deaf-mutes, there were many who questioned both the wisdom and the necessity of such a step. But the work of the past ten years has convinced those skeptical ones that the need was most urgent. In history, Rev. Mr. Style will stand out more conspicuously than any other deaf person, with the exceptions, perhaps, of John Kitto and Laurent Clerc. Clerc's fame is in great part the result of circumstances, but Style, like Kitto, has created his own opportunities, and gained, by his indomitable perseverance and the exercise of a highly cultured mind, what another with as much earnestness but less pluck and capacity, would have failed to secure.

Rev. Mr. Style was the first deaf person ever ordained to the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and he is the first who has succeeded in obtaining a church for those to whom he ministers.

ONE of our correspondents, in this issue, protests against the wholesale manufacture of incompetent printers by institutions for the deaf. No one who is posted on the subject will deny that his remarks are well-timed. But it is not in the printing business alone that the supply of incompetent deaf-mute workmen is more than equal to the demand. Take any of the other trades taught at the institutions, and it will be found that the percentage of good workmen is not extraordinarily high. The main point, however, in giving instruction in trades, is to train the hand and eye, and, in printing, to cultivate the mind as well. Of course, the aim should be to secure the highest possible results, and the assignment of pupils to the different shops should be governed, so far as possible, by the fitness of the pupils for the respective trades. This can not always be done, as the parents very often insist that their children shall learn the trade which they may select. A little more attention to the industrial training of deaf-mutes would result in an increased efficiency. At conventions of teachers, the Superintendents and Principals represent, and attempt to explain, the many features of the different trades. In some instances they do it well; but a person of ordinary intelligence should know that only those conversant with the technicalities of the trades are really capable of intelligently discussing them. It would be a credit to deaf-mute education, were the masters of shops invited to take a hand in these conventions of teachers. It would demonstrate the difficulties of teaching the

pupils as well as the capacity of the master workman. Will not the gentlemen at the head of the different institutions kindly make a note of this?

We return thanks for a portrait of the projected Institution for Deaf-Mutes of Vancouver, Washington Territory. In appearance, the building will somewhat resemble the main building of the Missouri Institution, which was destroyed by fire a few months ago. It is gratifying to note the handsome provision that is being made for the deaf of that far-western portion of Uncle Sam's domain.

## ITEMIZER.

One day last week, Miss Hutton, of Janesville, Wis., received a short call from Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Wells.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet will sail for Europe on Saturday, and will remain there during the greater part of this summer.

W. O. Fitzgerald spent Decoration Day at the Gallaudet Home. Rev. H. W. Style, of Philadelphia, will go up on Friday on a visit of inspection.

On Wednesday, May 24, Mrs. A. V. Bergquist, and her daughter Jessie, and Mrs. Bergquist's sister, Miss Nellie C. Buxton, went to Freehold, Pa., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brookmire.

Mr. Emil Baech has engaged passage on the Canard "Aurania" for June 24 next. He will go to London via Liverpool, then visit Hamburg, Berlin, Vienna, and many other cities, and will return here after three months absence.

Miss Palm, who has been making a tour around the states since last fall, stopped at Madison to see her aged brothers, and then visited an uncle in Janesville, Wis. Her brothers and cousins will go to San Francisco, Cal., next fall.

The indications are that the deaf-mutes of Pittsburgh and vicinity have decided to hold their annual picnic in McKee's Grove in Wilkensburg, Pa., on the Fourth of July. Those desiring to spend a glorious Fourth of July, are most cordially invited to attend.

Last Saturday evening, a surprise party was tendered to Miss Hortense Katz, a niece of Alexander Goldfogel, at Florence Building. Her father is a janitor of the building. She was greeted with a hearty call of surprise on entering the room. After banquet, the young ladies present obliged with songs and recitations which were enjoyed by all.

On the 20th inst., Isaac R. Carney, of Woodstown, N. J., spent Sunday in Swedesboro, where he was surprised to hear that Miss Lizzie L. Hewlings was visiting Miss Emma J. Hughes for one week. Isaac and Miss Hewlings were the pupils together in the Philadelphia Institution. They have not seen each other for nearly five years.

Ben. C. Hurst, a semi-mute, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa. is a slinging type on what is known as *Mt. Pleasant Journal*, and is said to be quite an expert. Mr. Hurst never attended any institution for deaf-mutes, though he went to a speaking school when he was a boy. It is strange to say that while working in the blacksmith's shop, the sparks from iron flew into one of his ears, which resulted in his deafness.

A JOURNAL reporter, happening to meet Mr. Geo. L. Reynolds, chairman of the Literary Committee of the Brooklyn Society, was informed that Professor John B. Hotchkiss, of the National College at Washington, D. C., would deliver a lecture at the room of the Brooklyn Society on the evening of June 27th, upon which occasion a large audience is expected. On the evening of June 13th, Mr. Charles E. Green, the well known wit, will also lecture before the Brooklyn Society and otherwise spread himself. One week later a debate takes place, the question being: "From which is the most pleasure derived, travelling by land or water?" The contestants being Messrs. Swartz, Minahan, Reger, McLaren, Schindler and S. B. Smith.

## Dr. Jekyll and the Deaf-Mutes.

Daniel Bandmann, who has an extensive acquaintance with deaf-mutes all over the world, and has probably picked up a few hints for the dramatic representation of Dr. Jekyll from the pantomime of the speechless, tells an interesting story of H. Humphrey Moore, a deaf-mute artist, of San Francisco, whose voluptuous and languishing masterpieces of oriental life grace many a Roman atelier and many a Paris salon. Mr. Moore's wife was the daughter of a Spanish grandee, who once found him busy at his easel out of doors and straightway fell in love with him. Mr. Bandmann, who held a conversation with Mrs. H. C. White, was so much mystified by her ready command of speech that he asked if she was only acting under a delusion as far as her deafness was concerned, or in other words, if she was not another version of Dr. Jekyll. Evidently Dr. Jekyll has a strong hold on Mr. Bandmann's imagination. He declared that he had even conversed with Prof. A. G. Bell's deaf wife but could hardly understand her, in spite of Prof. Bell's scientific skill in teaching his wife to speak. Another curious feature about this company is that Mr. Wall, the handsome manager, himself, is perfectly familiar with the sign language of deaf-mutes, as his parents, in San Francisco, are both deaf-mutes. Neither Mr. Wall nor Mr. Bandmann knew until last night that either could use the sign language of the deaf-mutes. Mr. Wall says Mr. Bandmann's wonderful pantomime powers are now explained.

Bandmann, the clever actor in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, has picked up the deaf-mute alphabet and signs in the course of his wide travels, and he "astonished the natives" at the Deaf-Mute Institute yesterday by addressing them in their own vernacular. He kindly invited the teachers and pupils to front seats, near the orchestra, at the theatre, and also remembered Mr. White with a copy of his book, "Around the World with Shakespeare."—*Salt Lake Herald*, May 30, 1888.

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## On the Weather.

## A BOLD, BAD BURGLAR.

## Notes.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The attention reader of our weekly letter is doubtless well acquainted with the opinion of Washington weather which we entertain, and in perhaps also aware that we have flattered ourselves that no exhibition of meteorological depravity on its part could excite our surprise. Accordingly, when we say that the weather of the past week has in general discomfort and disagreeableness, surpassed anything of which we have imagined it capable, the statement may be greeted with some amazement, if not with outright incredulity. Feeling quite confident that the aforesaid attentive reader, in thus becoming acquainted with our opinions in regard to the weather, has also remarked our simple and ingenious regard for veracity, we deem it incumbent upon ourselves to justify the statement, lest in any way our reputation for truth should suffer. Therefore, listen to the recital of the iniquities of the weather of two weeks past. It began to rain Thursday, May 17th, and it has rained on every day since then with two exceptions. On most of those days, it has rained from morning till night,—one steady drizzle without a moment's intermission. It has been so chilly that a fire has been grateful, and more than once a frost has seemed imminent. Everything has been drenched, a perceptible interdict has been laid upon all outdoor sports, and to cap the climax our Sunday School picnic has been necessarily postponed to some time in the indefinite future.

Yet, before leaving the subject, speaking in all sincerity, nowhere can weather be lovelier than it is in Washington when it honestly tries. Like the famous little girl, Washington weather "When it is good, is very good. But when it is bad, is horrid." It has been unquestionably bad this week. Among the visitors present at the afternoon service in the chapel, Sunday before last, was Miss E. Frazier, who has charge of a large school at Alexandria, Egypt, under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. At this school children are taught the essentials of Christianity, and are required to learn to speak fluently Arabic, French and English. Some ten or twelve deaf children have found their way to this school, and their pitiable condition has excited a great deal of commiseration. The authorities are considering the advisability of establishing a deaf-mute department, and Miss Frazier's visit was made with the object of gaining information on the subject of deaf-mute instruction. On Monday she visited the Kendall School, and was very much interested in the details of the school work.

Mr. Ballard, of the Kendall School, occupies the old Kendall Mansion, which is situated quite a distance back from the other buildings on the green, and in view of the fact that thieves have at various times made considerable depredations in the neighborhood, his isolated position has been anything but a source of satisfaction. However, he was never molested until last Monday, when some rascal entered the house by forcing a window and cutting out the inside blinds, which barred his entrance. Once inside, he seems to have made an attempt to light a lamp, and failing, groped around in the dark for something to carry away. The first thing he came across was Mr. Ballard's best Sunday go-to-meeting coat and hat, and with these the enterprising scamp made off. Mr. Ballard's dog was in the house at the time, but gave no warning. Mr. Ballard is indignant at the rascal's audacity, and is trying to have him arrested. Mr. Ballard, his memory refreshed by the incident, tells how his trunk was broken open on the train between New York and Boston. The contents were found intact, except that a spring overcoat, a palm leaf fan, a straw hat, a volume of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," and an unabridged dictionary had been abstracted. The thief, whoever he was, had evidently desired a summer outfit, and had taken the novel along as light reading, and the dictionary on the chance that he would need to consult it. When Mr. Ballard tells the story in his own inimitable way, it creates roars of laughter.

The Literary society held its last meeting for the present year last Friday evening. Mr. Gross delivered the valedictory of the class of '88, his subject being "Books and Reading." The essay was very interesting, and full of sound advice about how to read, what to read, and when to read. The various kinds of reading were discussed, and novels were commended when read moderately. Mr. Long, '89, delivered the response, his subject being "The Good Old Times." The year just closed, has been a very quiet and successful one with the society, and its influence is stronger than ever.

During the coming week, interest will center mainly in the District lawn tennis tournament, which is to be held on the Green Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. All the best players of the city will participate in the tournament, and the occasion will bring to the Green a very large number of visitors. The Vespers will be represented by Hemstreet, '89, Leitner, '90, and Wurdemann, '91. Hemstreet's fame has evidently reached the city, for the papers speak of him as likely to give the winner of the singles a good deal of trouble with his swift returns and sure strikes. Hemstreet and Leitner will play together in the doubles.

NOTES.  
Last Monday, Mrs. Cutter, a daughter of Amos Kendall, visited the college.  
Prof. Draper has taken possession of the class-room formerly used by the classes in advanced mathematics, which will hereafter recite in the laboratory lecture room.  
Very complimentary things are said about the new laboratory building by all who inspect. New apparatus and articles of furniture are arriving every day.  
Mr. A. D. Bryant, '90, our instructor in drawing, is a very happy man now-a-days, and is in receipt of congratulations on every hand. The occasion of this rejoicing is the arrival, last Tuesday, of a little girl at his house.  
Our postponed picnic will, we believe, be held on June 9th, if the weather will permit.  
Wood cuts from the Evansville Deaf-Mute School have been received by the reading room and several of the students. The recipients wish to express their thanks.  
Prof. Porter delivered the sermon last Sunday, his subject being "Temptation."  
Only one month more of work remains, and every one heaves a voluminous sigh of relief at the thought.

May 27, '88.

## Deaf-Mutes as Printers.

There are divers philanthropic persons in various parts of the country, who are supposed to take great interest in the welfare of deaf-mutes, and are constantly devising ways and means to benefit the class, and they talk about their schemes and read papers in societies and write books about them. It amuses them, and don't hurt anybody, and in the mean time things are just as they used to be. But as deafness is not going to be abolished by an Act of Congress yet awhile, there is one thing that should be called up for the consideration of intelligent and of these real friends of the deaf, who understand the class, their needs and their possibilities. By such persons, I am sure the proposition, upon which this article is based, will be understood and accepted, namely: There are too many mute printers. Is it too strong a statement to say that six out of every ten deaf-mutes have at some time, or other worked at the business? Or to add that not more than one out of ten is following it for a living? Some of the best printers I ever knew, were deaf-mutes, and for an intelligent mute there is no better trade, but at some schools for the deaf any one who may so elect is allowed to receive instruction (such as it is) in the printing-office, and many who would make excellent carpenters or tailors, are manufactured into "blacksmiths," and some sorry blockheads who have barely learned the "lay" of the case are turned into the world, announcing themselves as "printers by occupy," to begin at the lowest round of the ladder, and if they work up at all, only by slow and painful degrees. On the part of the persons who permit this, it is a crime against the mute and against society. Such cases may be rare, but they do exist, and too often, too. But leaving these extreme cases out of the question, the average mute, on leaving school, is not competent to hold cases on an equal footing with the tourists, and many a mile of mud road do they cover, and many a tie pass is issued to them, before they earn their living; most of them, indeed, giving it up and learning other trades, and some enlisting in the noble army of peddlers to fill the soul of "Solid Muldoon" with gloom.

The authorities of mute schools do not realize that the profession is overcrowded; that in every city there are capable, competent men, in full possession of all their faculties, who can not find work at their trade, and in competition with whom a mute, even though a first-class printer, has but a sorry show. One reason for this, they would see if they would go round among a few newspaper offices. The writer has been "on the road" to some little extent lately, and in many an office he visited, the foreman cast a sidelong glance at the boxes of "boiler plates" piled up by the cord in a corner, and informed him that they didn't need a print just at present. The use of these plates is steadily increasing, and will continue to increase, and good men are being thrown out every day. In the office of the daily paper, where the writer secured cases, there are visitors looking for work almost every day, and this is the case in almost every office in the country.

Is it not time something should be done about turning half-educated printers out of our schools at the present rate? This article is endorsed by the editor of the *Daily Standard*, who has had several mutes in his employ at different times, and found them not satisfactory.

FREE LANCE.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

## BOSTON.

## Genuine Surprise.

## MAYFLOWER'S VISIT TO NASHUA.

## Pith of the News.

(From our Boston Correspondent.)

About two weeks ago, Mrs. Keating, of Cambridgeport, planned a surprise party in honor of her dear husband's birthday. Fearing that he would suspect it, Mrs. Jennie P. Wise kindly offered her the use of her parlor for that occasion, which was accepted. Mrs. Keating was led to believe that Mrs. Geo. P. Lockwood was to leave for home the next day, and the party was gotten up in honor of her departure. When the time arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Keating came. The former looked very innocent, and was in full frolic. All the rest came, and a game of "dumb band" was played. The others pretended to fail to win a prize, which awaited Mr. Keating in order that he might win it. It is his birthday gift from his wife and friends,—a handsome oil painting picture enclosed in a gilt frame. When he learned that it was only a trick played on him, he looked around and hardly knew what to say at first, to the amusement of those present. Nice refreshments and ice-cream were served later, and twenty guests participated. Mr. Keating is quite a funny and jolly fellow.

Mayflower was in Nashua, N. H., two weeks ago last Saturday, by an invitation of Secretary French, to lecture before the Deaf-Mute Society, which opens once a month. When he arrived there he was met by Mr. French, who took him to witness an interesting game of base-ball, which created considerable excitement. The contest took place on Shedd's field, only one hundred rods from the Gregg & Son's factory, where four deaf-mutes, V. P. Wright, Frank Duprey, Edwin H. French, and young Mr. Worcester work. Mr. French is a third baseman for the Gregg & Son's club. The following is the score by innings:

GREGG & SONS, 1 0 1 2 5 6-15  
FEEZER CO., 2 0 0 1 1 0-3

The meeting of the Amateur Base Ball Association of Nashua decided to commence the season on April 12th, Fast Day, closing August 11th. I shall give the official schedule as adopted, as the admirers of Mr. French would like to know the dates.  
June 9th, Gregg & Sons vs Belvidere Hose Co.  
June 23d, Gregg & Sons vs Freezer Co.  
June 30th, Indian Mills vs Freezer Co.  
July 21st, Freezer Co. vs Gregg & Son.  
July 28th, Indian Head Mills vs Gregg & Son.  
August 11th, Gregg & Son vs Belvidere Hose Co.  
The following Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Wright entertained some mutes with interesting talks at Mr. French's.  
"Mayflower" left Monday morning for home, well pleased with his visit to Nashua.

Our good friend, Frank B. Roberts, will leave home soon for Newcastle, N. H., two miles from Portsmouth, where he will pass the coming summer. We hope the ozone of the Piscataqua River, the mountains and the "Wentworth," may prove a source of continued health and strength to him for many years to come.

Mr. Allen, of Maine, whose wife's name was Ella Towle, broke his leg in trying to keep the yacht from striking against the wharf, as the Boston harbor was rough. He was sailing in it and intended to land where the lamentable accident occurred. He was conveyed to the Chelsea, Mass., hospital. He is slowly improving, and it is hoped he will suffer no permanent inconvenience from the injury. It was broken between kneecap and ankle.

Mr. John M. Stout, the well-known bicyclist, has been teaching the art of bicycle-riding and tricks for the past fortnight in this city, and has been the recipient of a good deal of polite attention from his hearing admirers. He says he will attend the New York Picnic on July 2d.

Mr. Alden F. Osgood, of Natick, visited in the vicinity of Boston for two days and was the guest of "Mayflower" in Everett.

Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer, the Secretary of the Epiphany Club, has written to Mr. Hoy, the promising deaf-mute base ball of the Washingtons, inviting him to be present at the rooms of the Club on the evening of June 23d.

Mr. A. C. Hargrave contemplates a trip to Maine this summer, leaving home in East Boston in the middle of July.

The reverend ministers, Thomas Gallaudet, John Chamberlain, Philo W. Packard, Prescott, Gushoe, and others, and Mr. Ellis, the Superintendent of the Sunday School of the Central Square Baptist Church (Cambridgeport), have been made honorary members of the Gallaudet Society, which held its last meeting three weeks ago.

MAYFLOWER.

Should opportunity permit, "Imperator" expects to go to Greenville, Pa., to see his brother (who is attending Thiel College) graduate at the June Commencement. After his graduation, the latter signifies his intention to sail next fall for Germany, where he will attend an university. His object will be to become a thorough German linguist, and afterward, he will be back to this country, where he will read law.

Lowell, Mass.

A surprise Soiree was gotten up in honor of the thirtieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Wright at their residence on the 26th inst., by Miss Lafferty and Miss Clara Wright. We understand it was a very pleasant affair. The writer was not present, so he cannot give a detailed description of it, but he gives here such particulars as was given him by others who were there.

As Mr. Wright came home from work, he was called upon by Mr. H. H. Mayberry, with a team. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wright were pressed on to take a ride. After two hours' pleasant drive over the country, they were surprised on their return, to be greeted by quite a formidable company who took possession of their castle in their absence. Explanations were not necessary, for quick as lightning, the object of the gathering flashed across their unsuspecting minds. Ovarations were now in order, followed by parade of presents, among which were a decorated tea set, a lawn mower, and other things.

There were thirty present, about half a dozen of whom were mutes.

A bountiful supper was served, after that games indulged in, winding up in a Donkey Party.

The meeting broke up at midnight. Each and every one enjoyed himself and herself fully.

It is worthy of remark that the daughter of the host and hostess is a hearing person, yet she uses the sign language so fluently, that a stranger is very apt to think her a mute.

A certain member of the Silent Society got herself into a pickle, not long ago. A mischievous wag snatched her handkerchief and ran out of the room. Missing her handkerchief, she dashed out after it and caught, as she supposed, the culprit, and violently demanded her handkerchief, when, lo! she had caught a perfect stranger on his way to his club room. The rest can be better imagined than described.

Mr. McCarthy has secured employment in the Cotton Mills. He expects to stick to it.

R. Douglas wants to hear of all picnics to be gotten up by mutes this year, within a radius of two hundred miles from Lowell.

Roscoe.

## Dictation from One's Friends.

"My manners, balls and bowers shall still be open, at my Sovereign's will. To each one whom he lists, however unmeet to be the owner's peer. My castles are my king's alone. From turret to foundation stone. The hand of Douglas is his own, And never shall in friendly grasp. The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—Scott.

The king of Scotland sent Marmion, an English ambassador to Lord Douglas. Douglas entertained him politely but coldly. On leaving, Marmion complained of the cold treatment, and received the above reply. The reason why Douglas would not shake hands with him was that he had no respect for his character. It is a pity that the race of men like old Douglas seems to have died out. We are constantly compelled to meet men, whose characters we hold in utter detestation. Of course, we cannot avoid meeting them, and, equally, of course, we cannot but treat them politely, but there is no occasion to treat them in a particularly friendly way. All we have to do is to be polite. If we are not, we sink to their level. But to shake hands with a man, whom you do not want to have any thing to do, simply because your friends say you ought, is downright cowardice. You may have reason for acting as you do, which if you did make public, would change the opinions of those who think you are wrong. But there is no occasion to explain. People have differences of opinion about every thing. One man may like another, while a third may think both are beneath his notice. Too much deference is often paid to the opinions of one's friends. We are not responsible for what others do—only responsible for our own actions, and thus we should act up to our own standard of right. Of course, the opinions should have some weight with us, but to let others do our thinking would reduce us to the condition of children.

EDGAR RAYNESWOOD.

## Decoration Day.

THE SURVIVAL OF TRADITIONAL USAGE—EGYPTIAN AND CLASSICAL CUSTOMS—THE JAPANESE DECORATION DAY—THE SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR MEMORIAL.  
The act of preparing floral tributes, which shall embody in the beautiful symbolism of plants the cherished memories of departed heroes, is a natural survival or revival of traditional usage, traces of which may be found in the Old World at different periods of time, where it has been in vogue with civilian and soldier alike. The association of flowers with the dead is by no means an idea born of the aestheticism of to-day, nor is it peculiar to ourselves. Egyptology furnishes admirable matter for reflection on the occult connection between death and flowers which has held good for so many centuries of time among all peoples. In late discoveries near Thebes the grim mummies have been found garlanded with wreaths of flowers, the white and blue lotus figuring conspicuously among a profusion of small, delicate flowers of yellow, red, and white. The floral decorators of early Egypt were artists of no mean order; they knew how to combine leaves and flowers in intricate and beautiful fashion. In fact, when Brugsch Bey, a few years ago, found the remains of

some ancient kings and queens, the bodies of the dead potentates were, to many, second in interest to the floral tributes discovered in their tombs. One funeral wreath was composed of the folded leaves of the Salix to which were attached, by strips from the date-palm, the flower heads of the Acaia Nilotica. At a recent soiree of the Royal Society in London, these floral relics of thousands of years ago were on exhibition. In those bygone days it was customary for the friends of the deceased to bear sprigs of yew and cypress in their hands during the obsequies, as emblems of immortality.

In Japan a day is set apart for observances closely akin to our Decoration Day, and is regarded as a military festival. The populace assemble at the graves of dead soldiers to bedeck them with fresh flowers and foliage. At Tokio, on these occasions, the streets assume a gala-day appearance. Branches of blossoming fruit trees and tall pyramids of flowers adorn the streets through which a procession passes with music of conch-shells, drums, and flying banners. The pageant is reviewed by the nobility and all the leading men of the place, representing the literature, science, and art of the nation. The vast procession passes under arches of blossoming camellias, azaleas, and chrysanthemums, dragging in its progress immense images of idols of mythological design and military significance. The day is one as distinctively set apart for the honoring of military heroes as our own Decoration Day.

Among the Greeks it was customary to leave requests for the maintenance of rose gardens about the grave of the testator, and in Italy we find a similar custom still extant. To scatter flowers on the route of the funeral procession of a private citizen was an honor conferred by the ancient Romans. The choice of the plants on these occasions was generally significant. Certain species of trees and shrubs partook of the homage paid their gods and their dead heroes. Among Greeks and Romans alike it was a custom in times of epidemic diseases to suspend over the doors of the afflicted ones boughs of laurel, the favorite tree of Apollo, the inventor of medicine, in the belief that its influence would cause abatement of the pestilence. To the branches of laurel were added tufts of rhamnus, consecrated to Janus, which was supposed to preserve the dwelling from all harm; but if death overtook the sick, these emblems gave place to cypress, the symbol of Pluto and Proserpine, or branches of the larch, "the funeral tree," as Pliny calls it. After the body was arrayed for the tomb it was anointed with perfumes, and on the head was placed a wreath, the composition of which was made emblematical of the condition of the deceased when alive. Burning branches of pine and stems of papyrus lighted the processions advancing to the music of the funeral flutes, in the construction of which instruments only boxwood and lotus were used.

During the summer months the people of Copenhagen devote themselves piously to the trimming, pruning, and ornamenting of the military graveyard on the hill near the city, and are careful to preserve the memory of their dead heroes from oblivion. Even in unsentimental Russia, where last of all one would look for a tribute to the emotions, honors are paid to the heroic dead. Over the monument erected at Borodino to the Russian soldiers who fell fighting against Napoleon, the national flag is hoisted upon every anniversary of the battle. A pretty civic custom holds in France. On November 2, which is called "The Day of Death," everybody visits and decorates the graves of dead relatives or friends, and the crowds at the cemeteries are so large that gendarmes are stationed to keep the people in line. Friends leave cards at the tombs, so that families may know who have visited the last resting-place of their loved ones. This custom of leaving cards is observed through the entire year. A similar custom of decorating the graves holds good in New Orleans. But there is an element of the pathetic in our observance, and a scope for magnanimity inseparable from the Decoration Day of this country as kept since the war. Nowhere else does it symbolize such a blessed substitution of love for enmity, of fraternity for discord, of tenderness for bitterness, and of generous oblivion for rancorous recollection. And those who ignorantly object to Decoration Day as tending to keep alive sectional bitterness have yet to learn how undiscriminating are the hands that drop the garlands meant to honor dead heroes impartially upon the sod that grows from the wearer of a gray jacket or one of blue.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

HOY leads the Washington battling with an average of .496. Taking that fact and his fine fielding into consideration it appears that he is filling Paul Hines' place very well. Daily is close after him with an average of .323. He has made a hit in every game so far.—*Sporting News*.

THE DEAF-MUTES' GREAT WORK.  
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BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES  
The following named gentlemen will deliver lectures at the hall of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

May 23d, - - - Mr. Albert A. Barnes.  
June 13th, - - - Mr. Charles E. Green.  
Sept. 30th, - - - Mr. John Wilkinson.  
June 27th, - - - Mr. John B. Hotchkiss.  
Oct. 24th, - - - Mr. William G. Jones.  
Dec. 26th, - - - Mr. John F. O'Brien.  
The transaction of business by members, story-telling, debates and lectures, takes place each week alternately. Admission, ten cents on each occasion.  
GEO. L. REYNOLDS, Chairman,  
HENRY STENGEL, Secretary,  
SYLVANUS B. SMITH,  
Committee on Lectures and Debates.



# FANWOOD.

## An Invitation from the Mayor of New York.

### EXHIBITION AT DR. VIRGIN'S CHURCH.

### Bad Weather Disappoints the Silentias.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

The Art Department and a few other classes accepted an invitation, extended by Mayor Hewitt, to attend the annual reception of the Women's and Men's Society for the Advancement of Art at Cooper's Institute, on the afternoon of Friday last. Mayor Hewitt is Secretary of the society and was greatly impressed with the industrial work of our pupils, when he visited the Institution, and he had the idea that an observation and a comparison of the work of the students there with their own, would do them a vast amount of good, and they saw to their surprise and delight that some of their own work was not inferior, but in some instances better than that on exhibition at the Institute. Their teachers accompanied them as an aid to whatever they might want to know. They returned, feeling amply repaid for the trip, and considered the invitation from the magistrate of the greatest city of the western world, a rare honor.

### EXHIBITION IN HARLEM.

One of the most successful and interesting public exhibitions of our pupils took place last Sunday evening, at the Church of the Pilgrims, in Harlem, corner Madison Avenue and 121st Street. The pupils never before confronted such a large assemblage of respectable people. There was hardly standing room. Dr. Peet was ably assisted in conducting the exhibition by Prof. E. H. Currier. Dr. Virgin is a most affable gentleman. When he stepped before the audience, and made a speech, his face glowed with the pleasure and earnestness of a true hearted man, and the words that fell from his lips in reference to the deaf and dumb, and the noble work of those who devote their lives to their welfare, went straight to every heart, and the appeal to aid the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes was responded to liberally with a collection of many dollars.

### BAD BASE BALL WEATHER.

Nothing but rain, rain, rain, marks this dreary month of May, which ought to see brighter and sunnier days.

This has been very bad for our base ball aspirants, who were scheduled for a series of games this month, but the month has slowly waned, and each time the Silentias went forth with much confidence to wallop their challenger, they were interrupted by the nothing unusual rain.

They first went to meet the Rose-hills, of St. John's College, at Fordham on Thursday of last week. No sooner had our club set foot on Fordham soil, than a drenching rain settled the question of playing that afternoon, and the boys returned, looking the picture of woe.

Again the Silentias were obliged to postpone their long anticipated and thirsted for game with the "Jaspers" until some other date.

The Reserves had agreed to play the Pastimes, of Manhattan College, a minor nine of the Jaspers, last Saturday. All uniformed and ready for the fray, they were prompt on the field, but soon after, they were seen running home through a heavy rain, sustaining a drenching such as they seldom experience.

The game they had with the students of Columbia College last Monday afternoon, was a very dismal affair. A fine drizzly rain fell throughout the game, making the ground and grass unfit for playing. On our side, there were many slips and falls which cost our nine several runs, and gave the advantage of the game to the college boys, who played a rather stubborn game at that. The poor fielding, occasioned by slips and falls, on the part of the Silentias discouraged Gately somewhat, as his pitching this time was rather tame, and coupled with unjust decisions of the umpire, as it is claimed, they lost the game. It is believed that the Silentias can beat the Columbias in a fair game and on a fair day. There is nothing to say against the Columbias. They played a gentleman's game, and played well, too. Littlefield, the pitcher, did well, but our Gately is better.

The score stood as follows:

SILENTIAS, 5 1 1 1 4 2-14  
COLUMBIAS, 4 3 2 4 2 5-20

### MINOR NOTES.

The "Original Big 4" Social Club, of Harlem, made the 29th of May memorable among themselves by giving a surprise party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney, in East 167th Street. Herman Zorn, who is a neighbor of the above named couple, was up here last week with a handful of invitation cards. We presume they had an "original big 4" time, and, though we were invited, we regret very much our inability to be present.

The "Ariel" crew expected the honor of rowing a party of distinguished persons on the briny Hudson,

last Saturday, but the persons failed to put in an appearance. They were to be "Luska," the *nom de plume* of a young author of prominence, and W. H. Bishop and wife.

The subjoined letter requires no explanation. As will be seen, it is another of those graceful acts that help give an impetus to the work of the art department:

DR. PEET:  
DEAR SIR:—I enclose my cheque for twenty dollars, which, if you permit, I would like to offer as a prize to any student who, before May 1st, 1888, makes the best sketch in pencil, charcoal or paint, or clay moulding from animated nature (a living model) unassisted—your wife to be the judge.  
Yours respectfully,  
ELIZABETH C. JAY.

May 29, 1888,  
256 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

All the pupils were called into the chapel for a few minutes at one o'clock on Tuesday, to hear what the programme for Decoration Day would be. Dr. Peet said that all were requested to assemble in the chapel at nine o'clock to commemorate the day. That stories touching upon the war and the soldiers who so nobly died to save our country, would be related by their teachers, and that Prof. Mann and a squad of pupils would give a military exhibition, and lastly, that all pupils going home must be punctual at school on Thursday.

The Silentias have refused to play the Long Island Athletics, because they could not guarantee a share of the gate receipts, or pay their traveling expenses.

Miss Frankie C. Hawkins spent Sunday at her aunt's in the City of Churches, and Miss Jennie Williams went to Newark, N. J.

Tuesday was a scorcher, but it did not prevent Sam. Cornelius from transacting business with Prof. Mann. Hiram Brown wheeled himself up here on his "star" bicycle last Tuesday.

W. J. Reilly was up here last week for an airing. He has been very low in health all winter, and said he was going to Newport about July 1st, to recuperate.

Abe Koffman, of the well known dairy farm in Walden, N. Y., paid us a visit last week.

Prof. Thomas F. Fox has completed a catalogue of the books contained in the Institution library, under the direction of the Library Committee of the Board of Directors. It entailed a large amount of labor, and the professor heaves many sighs of relief, because it is over.

The question to whom the honor of valedictorian will be given this year, has not yet been definitely settled.

Hoy, the well-known deaf-mute centre-fielder of the Washington Club in the League race for the pennant, has received many congratulations from all the boys from that place, who have witnessed him play at the Polo Grounds and had the honor of meeting him there.

The next pleasant event in store for our silent community, is the strawberry festival, given under the auspices of the Guild of Silent Workers, on June 14th. There will doubtless be a number from this quarter present to help make it a merry occasion.

Miss Carolina Peterson was the guest of Madame Le Prince, last Friday and Saturday. Miss Peterson was one of Madame's best pupils in the art department before she graduated.

"Coming events cast their shadows before" may well apply to the excursion to Cold Spring Grove, on the second of July. We mean the shadow of this coming event is seen by the large interest taken in the project, and the rapidity with which the committee are dispensing tickets. It is said by the chairman and a member of the committee, who have been there, that it is undoubtedly one of the best picnic resorts they ever seen.

Last Sunday, travel was disagreeably impeded on the cable road. It seems that the cable got out of order at the junction of 125th Street and Tenth Avenue. The pupils had to be conveyed to their destination on their way to Harlem, by a detachment of coaches from Sanger's Livery Stables.

### AQUILA.

### NASHUA, N. H.

On the 10th of May, there was another base ball game on the Shedd grounds. The weather was bad, but the Gregg & Son nine defeated the Freeze Company nine by a score of 6 to 3. Edwin H. French, as usual, played on third base and got a run to his credit.

Edwin Frisbee, of Everett, Mass., was in town recently, and was greatly interested in the ball game. He is the manager of the Hoy Base Ball nine, in Boston, in honor of Hoy, the deaf-mute centre-fielder of the Washington team in the League race. Mr. Frisbee entertained the members of our society with many laughable and interesting incidents of college life in Washington, D. C. On Sunday, May 11th, he preached us a good sermon. Ira Worcester was present from Amherst, N. H.

The Society have held business meetings at the residence of E. H. French and V. B. Wright, on the 17th and 25th insts., respectively, and decided to arrange for a strawberry festival, in aid of the Nashua Deaf-Mute Society, to be held in the Knight of Honor Hall, No. 66 Main Street, Tuesday, evening, June 12th, from six o'clock p.m. for several hours. All outsiders are invited to attend. Admission 25 cents.

Charles Walker, who was employed in the Door, Sash and Blind Shop, got another job in the shoe-shop three weeks ago, and likes it very well.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

May 28, 1888.

# COLUMBUS.

## Our Growing City.

### NEWS OF ALL SORTS.

### Victorious Independents.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

A stroll in any direction here will convince any one that Columbus is a growing city. Although it is pretty early in the season, on account of the backwardness of Spring in putting in its appearance, the number of new buildings one sees going up on every side, is astonishing; and this has been going on for several years, till now one who has been absent from the city for three or four years, when he returns, can hardly recognize the old town. And what is better is all the new buildings are, architecturally speaking, vast improvements on those put up a few years ago. Besides this, the "city fathers" have been seized with the fever for improvement, and many of the streets are being torn up and relaid with concrete, brick or stone, so that by the time the Centennial opens, September 4th, the city will present a most attractive appearance to the thousands of visitors that are expected. In fact, the city is getting on its Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes in anticipation of that event, and I hope she will keep them on and not throw them aside as soon as her visitors are gone.

Mr. W. H. H. Grigsby's infant daughter, whose birth I announced in my last, died on Tuesday morning from congestion of the lungs. Mr. Grigsby took the remains to Prospect, where they were buried in the family lot.

Miss Mary Bierce, for many years a teacher here, but who resigned last year and went to Memphis, Tennessee, to live with her aged parents, is in the city now visiting her friends. Memphis is a pretty large city, but she has been unable to find but one deaf-mute in it, and he is a printer who attended school here one year.

Mr. A. H. Schory wanders about the rooms of his house in a disconsolate, aimless sort of way now, and hardly knows what to do with himself. Reason—Mrs. Schory and the baby have gone home to see grandma.

Mrs. Barnhisel, who came here last week, promises to be a permanent addition to the already large deaf population of the city, as she has secured employment in the State Buidery.

One of the pupils has been dangerously near Death's door and his father came to see him. Before going to bed, he blew out the gas in his room.

The night watchman in his rounds detected the smell of escaping gas, and having located it roused the sleeper within, and he was just in the time, for the room was full of gas, and in a few minutes more it would have been too late. It was a narrow escape.

Miss Kinney, one of our young teachers, has been confined to her room for the past week. Mr. Downing ably fills her place in the girls' study room in the evening.

Next Wednesday is Memorial Day. Considerable preparation is being made for its observance here, and the pupils will be given a half holiday to witness the parade, etc.

It has been decided to hold our annual picnic next Friday in Goodale Park, the same place that it was held last year. A better place would be hard to find, although another place would be welcome for the sake of variety.

The questions for examination are already being printed. Only two weeks more, and the pupils will be ready to wrestle with them.

Spring suits and straw hats have blossomed out two or three times during the past month, and have been as often laid aside, and it does seem as if they would not come to stay until after the first of June. We may then expect something extra hot to make up for lost time, meanwhile we keep our overcoats handy.

A rival "Social" Club having been started in Cincinnati, the Anderson Society seems to be slowly disintegrating. This is to serve notice on the Cincinnati mutes that your correspondent intends to be present at the picnic on the 18th of August, and find out the reason why.

The Dayton Society also seems to be in a pucker, and I have been warned not to say anything uncomplimentary about the Fay Society, and that I made a mistake in saying in my last letter that the motto of the society is, "Once a member always a member," for at the proper time the powers that be will give the dissatisfied members their release. O. K. Do not do it with a club, though!

Our boys have been receiving letters, enquiring about our base ball players. It seems one is trying to get up a team of deaf-mute players to make a tour of the country during the summer, but with what success I am not informed. That has been tried before, but it was not a very promising success, for the nine disbanded suddenly, and the boys came near being compelled to count ties in order to get home.

Yesterday the Independents met their old foes the Clippers, who defeated them so badly a couple of weeks ago, on the Institution grounds. There was a very large crowd present, and Town Street and Washington Avenue were lined with vehicles whose occupants stopped to see the game. The Clippers are the best team our boys

have met this season, and it took hard work to down them. The Independent's pitcher, Gillispie, did excellent work in the box, having fifteen struck out to his credit. The following will show how it was done.

INNINGS. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
INDEPENDENTS, 3 1 2 2 0 0 0 0 0-8  
CLIPPERS, 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 2-5

May 27, '88.

### Roundabout Notes.

RANDOM PENCILINGS ON VARIOUS TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE DEAF.

As the days roll along towards August, the question most frequently asked among the deaf is, "When does the National Convention of Deaf-Mutes assemble?" The last convention adjourned five years ago, with the understanding that the next meeting would be held at Washington, D. C., in August, 1888. We are within three months of the time specified, but no announcement of any kind has yet been made. The National Executive Committee, so far as the officers and members of the National Association can judge from the meagre information that can be obtained as to the doings of the Committee, is making a splendid record for incompetency. It is said that the delay in formulating definite arrangements for the next meeting of the Association is due to the uncompleted state of the Gallaudet Statue, and that more money is needed, presumably for the pedestal. Still more! How much more! First it was agreed to collect \$2,500; this was increased to \$10,000, and now if we are not very much mistaken, the funds in cash and reliable promises foot up to something like \$12,000. Why can not the Executive Committee, through its chairman, come forward, and tell the members what they have done, what they are doing and what they intend to do. Let us have no more Star chamber proceedings. The great mistake in this Statue business was the attempt originally made by the Chairman of the National Executive Committee, to acquire the National Association, by placing the funds and the power of dispensing of them in the hands of a sub-committee never dreamed of by the Association and never authorized nor sanctioned by it. The holding of the funds and the authority for making payments should have been vested in the proper officers of the National Association, viz: the President, Secretary and Treasurer. Had this been done, we should have none of the dickerings, doubt and delay, which now exists and which has compelled the constituted officers of the association to await the pleasure and convenience of the National Committee.

### IOWA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mrs Rotherth and Waldo are still in Chicago. Waldo's health is improving slowly.

Miss White, whose ill-health compelled her to go home, found it impossible to return and resume her duties, so her class was divided last week. Part was sent up to the third class and the rest down to the fifth, and in consequence the teachers of those classes have their hands full just now.

David Ryan, captain of our base ball club, had his ankle severely sprained while playing last week. He made a fine hit, and was running for third when he slipped on the base, and in some unaccountable manner sprained his right ankle so severely that he will be confined to the hospital for some time to come.

A base ball club from the Institution over the river, came across to play with our boys last Saturday, and our boys fairly wiped the ground with them. The following is the score by innings:

MILANS, 5 1 6 8 1 3 0 8 2-34  
OMAHAS, 0 0 0 2 1 0 2 0 0-5

The Omahas said they have not had any practice lately, and to see them play one would be convinced of the fact, and out of sympathy our boys let them have the five runs.

They have the making of a good team, if they had more interest in the national game.

Our boys have made arrangements to play with the Stars next Saturday, and Saturday after next they will go over to Omaha to have another crack at the Omahogs, and say they will come of the victors, or—well they threaten to do something terrible.

The boys are thinking of playing a game with the Illinois Institution Club in the near future. They propose to have the suckers, go to Burlington, where they will meet them on neutral ground, and play for all the game is worth. But, unless Superintendent Rotherth falls in with the idea, the scheme will have to be dropped, and the boys will lose the opportunity of showing what they can do when hard pushed.

Last Saturday, two of our teachers, accompanied by one of the pupils, went fishing down to the Creek, and caught—five small fish about two inches long, but they felt as proud as though they had captured a whale.

Three weeks ago, last Sunday, Mr. Charlie Zorbaugh, a son of Prof. Zorbaugh, and a teacher at the Omaha Institution, came over and favored us with a very interesting lecture. Charley is thoroughly schooled in the sign language, and possesses the power of interesting his audience.

A "Knight of the Camera" was out on the hills Sunday, taking views of the Institution grounds and buildings, and no doubt took back with him a nice collection.

Manawa Hotel was opened last week, and many of our boys went down to have a look around.

HAWKEYE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, May 22, 1888.

### REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Milwaukee. (Postponed)  
June 3d.—Indianapolis, 10:30 A.M., Holy Communion; 4 P.M., Evening Prayer and Sermon. Other services at the usual hours.

June 10th.—Cleveland. Usual hours.  
June 13th and 14th.—Sandusky.  
June 17th.—Pittsburgh.

A few appointments may be made between the above dates.

### Collision near Goldfish Pond.

Sunday forenoon, John E. Mack and Joseph Willis, both deaf-mutes, went to ride, the former on a tricycle the latter on a bicycle. While going down the hill near Goldfish pond they collided, and both riders were thrown on the ground. Willis' wrist was cut and the handle-bars of his machine broken, and Mack's injuries consisted of bruises and cuts on his right elbow. The tricycle was also badly damaged.—Lynn Daily Rec.

### Knocked down by a Milk Wagon.

Farrel J. Dempsey of 701 Greenwich St., a deaf-mute, was knocked down by a horse and milk wagon at Christopher and Greenwich Streets this morning, and received a severe cut over the left eye. He was attended by a surgeon and left for home. The driver escaped.

sympathy in the work in which they engage.

We observe in the advertising columns various notices of picnics, excursions and games that are contemplated by societies of the deaf for the summer. It is pleasing to find that they thus enjoy themselves and at the same time contribute to the support of deserving charities. But there is one thing in connection with these excursions in large cities, which the deaf cannot be too careful. While it is proper for us to follow the custom of our hearing neighbors, there is one thing that the deaf could improve upon, namely, excessive drinking, stale tobacco and ruffianly conduct. As a rule, such assemblies of the deaf are marked by their perception and dignity of good duty, but occasionally a disturbing element shows itself, and if we remember rightly, last year a very disgraceful row happened at one of the picnics. Let the committee be watchful, and whenever any known bad character shows himself at the gate of the park or the gang plank of the boat, let him be unceremoniously bade to depart. In this way certainly only can the good name and fame of deaf-mute societies be preserved and disturbing elements be made to feel their degradation.

THE OBSERVER.

# NEW YORK.

## Hon. Albert A. Barnes on Andrew Jackson.

### COL. TRESCH'S ENTERPRISE.

### Paragraphs of all Sorts.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Besides the work being done by the picnic and excursion committees, nothing has occurred to disturb the every day equanimity of the mutes of the metropolis.

Over in Brooklyn, however, on the evening of Wednesday, the 23d inst., the members and a goodly number of the friends of the Brooklyn Society were treated to a lecture by the Hon. Albert A. Barnes, who chose for his subject, the "Life of Andrew Jackson."

Taken altogether, Mr. Barnes did credit to the subject, and to himself in the way he delivered his lecture. The time occupied was some two hours, and at the conclusion, he was tendered a rousing vote of thanks by all present.

Col. J. F. J. Tresch's local fame as an artist for the daily press, will in time assume national repute. Besides the sketches he is producing of the members of the National and Republican Committees, he has begun a new enterprise. He is now manager of "The World Pictorial Associated Press," and does work for all the papers of the United States and Canada.

In justice to Mr. Tresch, be it said, he worked his own way up from the bottom rung of the ladder, and his push and perseverance in what he undertakes is a credit to him, despite his other failings. The coming summer he contemplates a trip to Europe, that will combine both business and pleasure.

His "Indship," Viscount Wm. H. Rose, left Saturday last, via Albany for a two weeks' sojourn with friends in Vermont. He goes not exactly to recuperate, but having the means at command, can very well afford the respite from his frame in the office of the *Spirit of the Times*. Willie has some business tact in him, and has also the means to push it forward. When the opportunity present itself, we will have to record the doings of Rose & Co. On his return trip, he will stop at Albany for a few days, and means to make it lively for Myron Palmer.

The "Big Four," a social organization lately come in to prominence in the upper part of New York, make merry this Wednesday eve at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney, in the annexed district. The occasion will be a "surprise" tendered to that couple.

Jas. P. Donohue, undertaker, uses his leisure moments to advantage in learning to stick type in the office of O'Brien & Lounsbury. A few days ago he set 3,000 ems solid Brevier inside of half a day, which shows he is improving.

Steve Sinclair, the same Steve of old, with necktie of blue, and handkerchief of red, made his presence felt among a party of mutes Sunday last. Although his health is good, his business, which is that of a bricklayer, prevents his paying much attention to athletics. However, he is the same old sport, and nothing tickles him more than to have recounted his exploits while all-around athlete at Fanwood. The truth is, Steve was the first deaf-mute to introduce general athletic sports into the New York Institution.

Wm. H. Gilbert, of Brooklyn, in company with several hearing friends, made a day of it Saturday last, at Prince's Bay. His reports are that fishing was first-class, and his catch made the mouths of his folks water, when he reached home. "There's nothing like fishing," he says.

Some surprise was caused among deaf-mute ball players to learn of the fine work done by Pitcher Gately, of the Silentias, last week when he occupied the box for the Columbia College team in their game with the Lafayette College boys. Prof. Fox's coaching appears to be doing a great deal of good for the institution boys.

A photograph of Miss Emily Wells was received with a letter by a bosom friend and old classmate of hers lately. The photo impresses one Emily as vivacious as ever, and her looks seem to say she enjoys Arkansas life immensely. The coming vacation she is to spend at her own home. On her way, she will stop over for a short sojourn with a young lady of the City of Churches.

From appearances, it looks as if the team representing the Fanwood Coaching Club will be sure winners in the tug-of-war contest at the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union games. "Boss" Kircher, in himself, and he is to be one of the team, appears able to pull over the line four deaf-mutes of any deaf-mute association at present in existence. He is a fine, strapping fellow, and has a large circle of friends, and is also a very genial companion.

May has been altogether a miserable month, is the comment one hears on every side. And no wonder. Most every day the past week, it has rained or has looked like rain, which state of the weather makes people feel glum. The bad showing of the pet base ball club of New York, probably added to this depressing influence on people's minds. At least, it did on that of Theo. I. Lounsbury, who cares

nothing at all now for base ball records.

Bill Slattery, of gas-house fame, has left the employ of the New York Gas Company, and when not playing ball with the Senators of semi-professional league fame, plays chief devil and kicks a "Favorite" press for a printing firm in this city.

Several invitations were received last week. Announcing the marriage of Miss Georgie Loomis to Mr. W. H. McCann, of Bridgeport. Miss Loomis was formerly a very popular lady in society in this city, while Mr. McCann was generally well-known as an intelligent semi-mute. Congratulations are extended.

R. D. Livingston *et al*, passed through the Empire City last week. He witnessed the performance at the Bijou, and had only a few hours' sleep previous to catching the train for New Haven.

"Are you going to the picnic?" is the question on every side. The answers are generally in the affirmative, and the Committee are accordingly happy. The attractions promise to be very interesting and the number of competitors in the various games will, from present reports, be very large.

Another question, too is, "Are you going to the excursion?" and the answers are likewise the same. A gala time is expected, and despite the fact of the nearness of the July 4th, a large crowd will, with little doubt, attend. These two questions, we meant for the general public, not for the committees, if the latter condescend to notice them. Hey?

MONTAGUE TIGG.

NEW YORK, May 29, '88.

### Easton, Pa.

Though the JOURNAL scribe has furnished very little news of late, *non sequitur* that there hasn't been anything worth chronicling. There has—decidedly—but a press of business matters has prevented their being sorted, duly labeled and forwarded.

The Easton Society flourishes. True, the coffers are not overflowing with wealth, but each week finds the treasury richer by a dollar, and as the expenses are reduced to a minimum it nearly all stays there. That's why Treasurer Price wears a long face and studies the Canadian railway time-tables. But President Will bears a watchful eye, and there's no danger of "Sammy" skipping just now. Those old and mossy chestnuts, "Is life in the country to be preferred to life in the city?" "Is married life preferable to single life?" and others, have been debated, and settled (to the satisfaction of the society, at least.) We have had another dramatic affair, but all is now overwhelmed by base-ball.

The symptoms were first manifested about a month ago, and has culminated in the selection of two teams to meet Decoration Day at 8:30 A.M., in battle array on College Hill. A walk down Second Street near the Delaware last evening brought us to the practice ground. The batteries were at work, Pitcher Will and Catcher Staser, of the "Philadelphias," and Pitcher Pach and Catcher Delory for the New Yorks, were at their regular practice. The real contest is between Fanwood and Philadelphia graduates, and while the teams are mostly all "Phillies," the batteries distinctly represent the two Institutions. A feature of the practice last evening was Delory's catching a hot liner on his proboscis bringing claret, which did not disconcert him in the least, and another was a foul tipped over a big coal yard and sheds, into the Delaware River. A full report of the game will be given in the next issue after it played.

Miss Volk has been in attendance on her sick sister at Perth Amboy for the past three weeks.

William G. Bennett passed through here on his way to Livingston, N. J., on Monday.

A picnic will be given by the Easton Society some time in July or August, the committee for the same, will be selected next week.

Miss Sue McKinney, of Philadelphia, is expected here on a visit some time this summer.

Though there has been no official announcement, Rev. Mr. Cameron informs us that Rev. J. M. Koehler will be here some time this month.

Forepaugh's circus was here last week, and the entire society attended—Some in the morning and the rest at the evening performance.

### HYPO REDIVIVUS.

Close upon the end of the term, we are called upon to chronicle the loss of one of our number by death. Austin B. Waldron, a bright sturdy little fellow of eight years, was taken sick with what seemed to be a bad cold. He was sent to the hospital, where his complaint proved to be a bad case of "Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis." Every thing possible was done for him, but he sank gradually, and, after about two weeks' illness, passed away on Wednesday morning, May 23d. His father was with him for the last few days, and took the remains home the next day. A handsome floral star was contributed for his coffin by his schoolmates and friends, and the sympathy of all here is extended to the family. It was little Austin's first year at school and he was a promising pupil; but, for him, the fruition will now come in a better and fairer land.—Rome Register.

### Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

Rev. Job Turner officiated in Atlanta, Ga., Sunday night, May 27th. He expected to hold services in the following places:

June 3d.—Rapidan, Orange Co., Va.  
" 10th.—Petersburg, Va.  
" 17th.—Montgomery, Ala.  
" 24th.—New Orleans, La.  
July 1st.—Louisville, Ky.



## A Ramble Through Hampton Court.

You wish to see Hampton Court Palace? Then you must come with me to the Old World! I will just tell you through whose generosity we are allowed to wander at will without let or hindrance, or you may be nervous of all these keepers in livery. (They are courtesy itself.) They are only here in case of a "Mob," but the well behaved people such as we have nothing to fear at their hands.

The Palace was commenced by Cardinal Wolsey (a butcher's son of Ipswich, so noted in history for his rise and downfall.) Henry VIII. setting his envious eyes on it wanted to possess it, and in 1525 Wolsey gave it up to him. Thus it fell into the possession of the Crown. When Henry inhabited it he evidently wished to be "alone in his glory," for it said he cruelly chased the people from the country for miles around. Victoria, in her goodness, not desiring to live here herself, graciously threw the grounds and State Apartments open to the public, whilst several of the other apartments she gives to the widows of men of rank who have died on the battlefield or otherwise served their country.

But here we are at the "Lion Gates"; before we enter I should just like you to glance across the road at that long avenue of horse-chestnut trees and groves on either side in Bushy Park. Now they are only just breaking into leaf, but if you were to come next month when they are in full bloom I think you would not be surprised at their being a source of national pride. If anyone speaks of a horse-chestnut tree, some one is sure to exclaim, "Ah! have you seen the groves in Bushy Park? June is the month, then they are lovely!" I daresay some of you far-sighted ones can spy a red brick house at the farther end of the Avenue on the Western side. Now it is rented by one of the Orleans Princes, the Comte de Paris; formerly it was the residence of the Dowager Queen (widow of William IV.) He resided there, too, before he became King. Now, let us go in. I don't know how you feel, but I feel almost like a "lion" myself when I pass thro' these gates. Those immense golden Lions lying couchant upon massive pillars, one on either side, the large iron gates with the royal coat-of-arms blazoned in gold as well. Shall we all do the grand for a little time! Are we not going to tread where Kings and mightier men than they have trod? Just as we step in, we will turn to our right, for I am sure some of you feel in a frolicsome mood and would like to lose yourself in the "Maze." They say it was probably here in "Blue Beard's time," perhaps he tried to lose himself as well as the memory of his sins in here. The walks cover half a mile. There are four steps.

Switzer, a famed gardener, turned up his nose at this bewildering place, because it has such a few steps, he had constructed one with twenty. I expect some of you will think to yourselves: "I will be sure and remember the turnings I take and so shall be able to get out all right." I know we shall have to ask that horrid, complacent looking man who is standing on that plank above our heads (how I hate him!), so we had better do so at once. See how he is laughing at us, with our pennies jingling in his pocket too. He sha'n't have another of mine for many a long day. I feel a little ruffled, but the quiet of the "Wilderness" will soon calm me into my normal state. Such nice paths and shady corners for dreaming the hours away. We will pass through quickly and go round by the principal entrance to the Palace (it faces the east) to have a look at the "Vinery" as we shall leave it on the other side. You see the gardener sees us coming and has come out to open the door for us. There is not much to see now, the leaves are beginning to shoot. Even if we came in September, the grapes would be "sour" for us, as they are kept solely for the Queen's table. I came last Autumn, the fruit looked so delicious. I don't know if I can stand the ordeal again. The Vine was planted in 1769, and "is the largest in Europe, if not in the World," so the Sages say. In fruitful seasons it bears 2,500 bunches. I expect the Queen bestows many a nice little basket of them on her chosen friends. Would that we could claim that title! This garden we are passing through now is called the "Private Garden." The terraces on either side are charming. Shall we walk to the end and have a look at the "Silver Thames," with its floating pleasure craft, for this end of the river is devoted to pleasure as the mouth is to work. If you give wing to your imagination, I dare say you can picture some of the royalties of old with their Lords and Ladies-in-attendance, in all the quaintness of their dress, roaming about here as we are doing, happy and contented, or stepping into some favorite spot. We must go to the front again. This is my favorite garden. I like those avenues of yew trees, and a little later on all these beds are gay with flowers. That Park yonder is called the "Home Park," and is reserved for the breeding of cattle. It makes such a picturesque foreground, one can go quite to the gates. The Ducks in the small ponds are looking to see if you have brought them any bread, they are quite the pets of the people. come, let's go to the apartments now. We go in at the "front door" under the colonnade and along the cloisters of the "Fountain Court," there is the fountain playing merrily and sparkling in the sun. If you could hear you would be whooping and "poor,

little Echo" would repeat it. What a doom!

In at this side door and here we are at the foot of the "King's Staircase." Here we are all unarmed of our umbrellas and go up defenceless but brave to view the pictures. I shall only point to one here and there, or you would all be in a state of collapse if I named them all, there being something like a thousand in number.

Mounting this staircase, one feels a slight sensation of what it must be to be a king, it is so wide and the ceiling is up there, up there! People who know say "it is painted so ill, that it seems as if Verrio had spoiled it on principle," so as many of you are artists and know a good painting when you see it, we will leave this ceiling and staircase and go into the "Guard Room." This is splendid! Such a large room. It almost bristles with weapons, guns and pistols, laid peacefully on the walls in every artistic device imaginable. One almost fancies too that one can hear the clanking of the men's armour. That fellow there was Queen Elizabeth's giant porter, doubtless he grew as conceited as he was tall after being put on canvas. "The king's first Presence Chamber." Here is a picture of William III., Prince of Orange, landing at Torbay. We were rid of the Stuarts through his acceptance of the proffered throne. There is Charles II. taking leave of the Dutch court at his restoration in 1660. His barge is awaiting him, and the fleet that is to bring him "home" again. Here is the fascinating Cleopatra about to commit that wanton waste dissolving the pearl in vinegar. That is the canopy to William III.'s throne with the King's arms and Dutch motto "Ye main tien dray" ("I will hold.") "The Second Presence Chamber." All these rooms are magnificent. This is Charles I., "whom they slew." This is the Good Samaritan tending the poor sick man whom he found on the way. Here is Jacob the Israelite, with his two wives Rachel and Leah. They were sisters. Rachel was the most beloved by him. She was the mother of his two favorite sons, Joseph and Benjamin, Leah, of the ten cruel sons who sold their brother Joseph into bondage. Now we pass through the audience chamber. The canopy is the one under which James II. gave audience to the Pope's Ambassador (absolving him from his sins, doubtless.) Let us pass through the King's Drawing Room to William III.'s bed room. It contains many of the "shameless ladies" of Charles II.'s court. You have all heard of the orange girl "Nell Gwynne" who afterwards became Charles II.'s mistress. Dickens relates as one redeeming point Charles on his death bed beseeching them "not to let poor Nellie starve." Have you ever seen such a gorgeous bed? The mauve satin hangings are faded, but the embroidery is exquisite. What delicate figures must have done it and how ever long must it have taken? It was presented to George III.'s consort, Queen Charlotte, by the "Clergy Orphan school." Poor woman! I dare say she had many a sleepless night in it. Here are the chairs and stools, white embroidered set in gilt frames, and you see there are only two armchairs and the stools look so uncomfortable. In those days I should have hated to be a Queen, for I do like an easy chair, don't you? Fancy sitting bolt upright the live long day. The ceiling was painted by Verrio, and represents "Night and Morning." In the King's Dressing Room the ceiling was painted by the same artist, and pictures that mischievous young Cupid at theft whilst his mother has beguiled his victim to sleep in her lap! The warrior Mars! Next we come to the King's Writing Room and Queen Mary's closet! These rooms are quite tiny compared to the others.

This is the "Queen's Tapestry gallery." I must be devoid of taste, for I can never see any great beauty in pictorial tapestry; however skillfully it may be done, to me, there is always a hardness about it. All this portrays scenes from the life of Alexander the Great. I think every one remembers the incident of his visit to the surly old philosopher. There is Diogenes seated near his beloved tub telling the mighty conqueror, he can do something for him, "get out of his sunshine!" In the "Queen's bed-room" is the state bed of poor gouty Queen Anne. In the "Queen's Drawing Room," she is painted on the ceiling in the character of Justice. Ah! there is some one you all know. It is generally a soldier's greatest wish to die on the battlefield, so we must not think General Wolfe's death sad. The Queen's Audience Chamber! Here is the state canopy of "Bloody Queen Mary," and here is a picture of her hateful father with his wife Jane Seymour (who had the wit to die,) and his son, afterwards Edward VI. On either side are his two daughters. On the right Mary, by his wife Catherine of Aragon (she was the beloved child of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain—you know them too, do you not? She was previously married to Henry's brother Arthur.) On the left, Elizabeth, by his wife Anne Boleyn (whose head he chopped off) behind her, is the court jester, or fool, with a monkey on his shoulder. The Public Dining Room, the Prince of Wales Presence Chamber, and here is his drawing room. Mostly French kings here. There is the famous Madame de Pompadour, such a lovely face, yet what a false mask! I think we had better leave the other rooms unnoticed, or we shall be like the old woman and her pig, "never get home to-night." This is the way out! Let us just peep in here, for I must show you two pieces of wood, portions of Nelson's flag

ship "Victory." Here is a venerable keeper come to tell us all about them, and that picture overhead, "Day after the Battle of Trafalgar." What a look of astonishment overcomes his face, when he sees the Pater interpreting to us. Now the Pater has wandered away, and the keeper is hovering about. He wants to catch our eye, let us see what he is looking at us for; with that comical look so peculiar to our hearing brethren, who know nothing about us, and think we are half-doubt, half pity. At last, he has mustered up courage, and is telling us by "dumb show" to look at the other picture, a link of the one up here, "Close of the Action of Trafalgar." I nod my head in token of thanks, if I spoke he might take me for a fraud. Now he is pointing to those two funny "Beef Eaters" supporting the mantel shelf, and to those gates, which formerly stood outside. They are all wrought iron, a beautiful piece of workmanship. As we pass out, the white haired showman gives us a kindly nod and smile, and bids the Pater good morning. Down the "Queen's Staircase" (not half so fine as the King's) out into the fresh air once more. I cannot let you go without taking you to see the astronomical clock, although it is a two-faced thing, having an ordinary face on the other side of the gateway over which it is placed. Isn't it a monster, seven feet ten inches across the disc (there are three). That is the size of the largest. It tells the hours of the day, the days of the month, the motion of the sun (isn't it a wonderful clock?) and the varieties of the moon! It is wound once a week, and takes thirty minutes to be set going! Unless we retrace our steps, we must pass those horrid cavalry barracks. They are such a disfigurement to the Palace. Here we are at the "Western Gate," which leads into the High Road, so, fair cousins, I bid you Farewell!

C. L. FRANCE.

## EIGHTH SEASON

## Grand Festival and Games

OF THE  
Catholic Literary & Benevolent Union  
(of Deaf-Mutes)



Thursday, June 28, 1888,  
AT  
HARLEM RIVER PARK  
127th Street and 2d Avenue.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Tickets, 25 cents each.

PROGRAMME.  
75 yards run (handicap) Open to all.  
440 yards run (handicap) Open to deaf-mutes only.  
One-half mile run Open to all.  
One mile walk Open to all.  
Tag of War (team of four—not to exceed 600 lbs.) Open to all deaf-mutes of the United States.  
Five mile race Open to deaf-mutes only.

Handsome gold and silver medals will be presented to the winners (first and second) in each event, excepting the Tag of War. A valuable pin will be presented to each of the winning team.  
Entrance fee for each event, 50 cents. Tag of War, \$3 team.

Entries close June 15th. To be sent by Registered letter or Post-office money order either John P. O'Brien, 397 Lexington Avenue, New York City, or John Lloyd Jr., 2254 Third Avenue, Harlem, New York City.

The Union will put forth every effort to make the event edifying and of a like nature ever held heretofore, and no expense or pains will be spared by the Committee of Arrangements to further this end.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.  
THOS. W. BROWN, Chairman.  
WM. SLATTERY, JOHN McNALLY,  
JNO. LLOYD JR., JNO. F. O'BRIEN

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EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED.

## DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL order a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

### BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, at Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jahring, Pres.; Jacob Schwartz, 1st Vice President; Alex. Batailey, 2d Vice President; W. A. Bond, Secretary; Thos. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Minihan, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, W. A. Bond, No. 158 Coneslyea Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Moses I. Aronson; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A. M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 233 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

### CAPITAL CITY ASSOCIATION.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m., in St. Paul's Church house, entrance on Jay Street. The officers are: President, W. G. Shanks; 1st Vice-President, C. F. Mull; 2d Vice-President, Philip Sharkey; Treasurer, C. H. Sparrow; Secretary, M. R. Palmer; Chairman of Committee, C. F. Mull. All business matters should be addressed to the Secretary, whose address is 253 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Its regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, occur the second, third and last Thursday, while its business on the Thursday of each month.

### CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the mental and social improvement of its members. It holds meetings in Anderson Hall, No. 122 West 5th Street, on the first and third Saturdays of each month at 8 p.m. Visitors can be invited by members. The President is Ardine Rembeck, and Mr. Chas. Thomas, Secretary, No. 67 West Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

### CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., in the lecture room of St. Stephen's Church, Tenth Street, above Chestnut Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. W. Miles is President, Wm. G. Harrison, Secretary, 3409 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY.

The purpose of the Society is principally of a social improvement and to keep the unity in our class. The officers' special meeting holds every fortnight, and the members' meeting comes every month at Alpha Hall, No. 18 Essex Street. The members are: The officers are as follows: President, Miss Frank C. Davis; Vice-President, Miss Bertha G. Peterson; Secretary, Mrs. George A. Holmes; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank W. Bigelow; Executive Committee, Mrs. Wm. Lynde, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard, Mrs. Wm. Lynde. For information and communication, address to the Secretary, Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes, Rockland Street, Brighton, Mass.

### DEAF-MUTES UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse, the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets twice a month, and the President is Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, Samuel Frankenstein, 531 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

### DE L'EPEE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

Meetings, the first and third Sunday of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Carr, President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1229 Fulton Street, or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

### EASTON ASSOCIATION.

Meets every Thursday evening at 230 North Third Street, below Bushkill Street, at 7:30 P.M. Its object is of a diversified character and covers a wide scope. Visitors are cordially welcomed. Edw. Will, President, 266 Ferry Street; C. Delory, Vice-President; Samuel Price, Treasurer; Alex. L. Pach, Secretary. Address, 230 North Third Street, Easton, Pa. Residence, United States Hotel.

### GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes (formerly the "Cambridge Society") holds services in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's clergymen appear on the first and third Sundays of each month. It is a welcome. Literary exercises once a month. Lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1888 are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Robert Dockharty, Vice-President; A. W. Orcutt, Secretary; E. Duran, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave, Librarian.

### GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and meets its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows: Willie E. White, President, Henningston; Willie A. Desiring, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

### PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago Deaf-Mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral assistance to the members and their friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas a step by step. The officers are: C. C. Codman, President; J. K. Watson, Vice-President; J. J. Kleinhaus, Secretary; and C. L. N. Treasurer. Secretary's address is 530 N. Clark St.

## (DIRECTORY-CONTINUED)

### ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at 919 Olive Street, Room 13, 3d floor, in the Empire Building. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, William Stafford; Vice-President, Marcus H. Kerr; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Pollock. Trustees, George T. Dougherty and A. N. Merrill. Secretary's address is No. 901 Bidle Street.

### ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to James P. Mahoney, 2030 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### THE EPHPHATHA CLUB, OF BOSTON.

The Ephphatha Club was organized in October, 1886. Its object is to promote social relations of its members. Its annual meeting for the election of officers takes place the first Monday of every January. Gentlemen can be admitted to the club as members at any time by applying to the Secretary. Visitors, outside of fifteen miles radius of Boston, can be admitted to the club room, at 18 Essex St., by applying to the President, or to any friend, who is a member. Its officers are as follows: President, Wallace H. Krause; Vice-President, Edward Duran; Secretary, George C. Sawyer; Treasurer, W. T. Carter; Librarian, James Hadley. Executive Committee, John J. McNeil, John Magee and Charles A. Douglas. Secretary's Address is Ephphatha Club, 18 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

### THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every other Saturday evening. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are: John J. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Witbeck, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C. Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosic Streets, Troy, N. Y.

### THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now offered by W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; F. W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; George C. Sawyer, 185 Fort Hill Street, Boston, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles Folsom, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H. French, for New Hampshire; J. T. Keefe, for Vermont; Henry M. Fairman, for Connecticut, and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1888.

### THE NEW JERSEY LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, John P. Cotter; 1st Vice-President, Peter Kinney; 2d Vice-President, John Ward; Treasurer, Wm. H. Caldwell; Secretary, John J. Jastram; Sergeant-at-Arms, Edgar Jastram. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Charles L. Jastram, No. 9 Ashland St., Newark, N. J.

### THE SALEM SOCIETY.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 25, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evening. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1888 are: Hardy Chapman, President; Mrs. F. S. Bowen, Secretary; Henry A. Chapman, Treasurer; and Samuel Hamilton, and George Strout, Directors.

### THE SICARD CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

The object of this Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Meetings are held in the basement of the Cathedral, Washington Street, at 4 o'clock P.M., every Sunday. This Association, being a branch of the De l'Epee C. M. A., has the same rules and gives the same privileges. All welcome. Communications should be addressed to Mr. J. J. McNeil, President pro tem, Commercial Street, Dorchester, Mass.

### THE BAY STATE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

### TOUSLEY SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Tousley Society meets every Sunday at 10:30 A.M., at 58 East Seventh Street. Its object is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: Matthew McCook, President; Julia F. Ashley, Secretary; George Deiler, Treasurer; F. Klange, Sergeant-at-Arms. Business meetings or lectures and story telling, may be held on any week evening by a vote. Strange deaf-mutes of good habits in general are cordially invited to make themselves at home. The Secretary's address is 1116 Renney St., care J. C. Austin, St. Paul, Minn.

### THE DE HAERNE ASSOCIATION.

This Association being a branch of the De l'Epee Association, has for its object the spiritual and temporal advancement of its members. Like the De l'Epee Association, it offers the advantages of a real beneficial association. Only Catholics are admitted, but all are invited. For further particulars, apply to the President. The officers are: Suprem, Spiritual Director, Rev. E. V. Lebreton; C. H. S., Philadelphia; J. J. McNeil, Baltimore, Mr. P. Moylan, 1015 E. Monument Street, Baltimore, Md.

## WESTERN PENNA PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## 100 AGENTS WANTED.

### Price 25 Cents. A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REV.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the first great Educator of the Deaf in America

Prepared on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Celebration, December, 1887. A biographical sketch on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Commemoration, December, 1887, by

REV. HENRY W. SYLVE, M.A.,

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### VIEW.

"The House in Prospect Street, Hartford, occupied as the first school for the deaf, 1817, American Asylum, Hartford, in 1821 and 1857," "Paris Institution, from an original painting by Rev. Dr. Clerc, St. Ann's Church, New York, Mates, "Columbia Institution, 1887," "dall Cottages," "Chapel of National Deaf-Mute College, interior view," "Silver Pitcher and Salver presented to Dr. Gallaudet by the Deaf, Monuments to Gallaudet and Clerc, Bas-relief on Gallaudet's monument."

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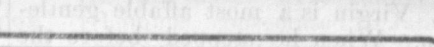
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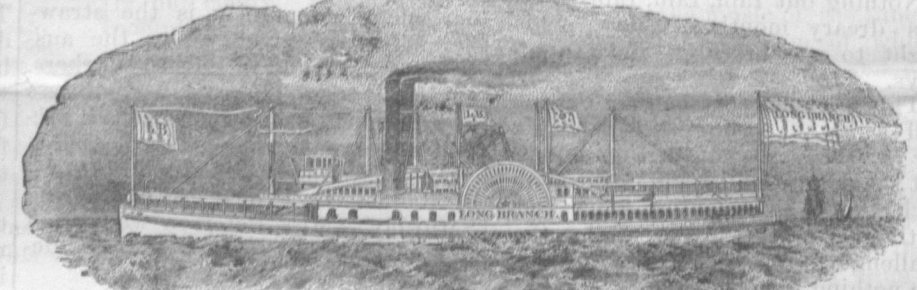
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